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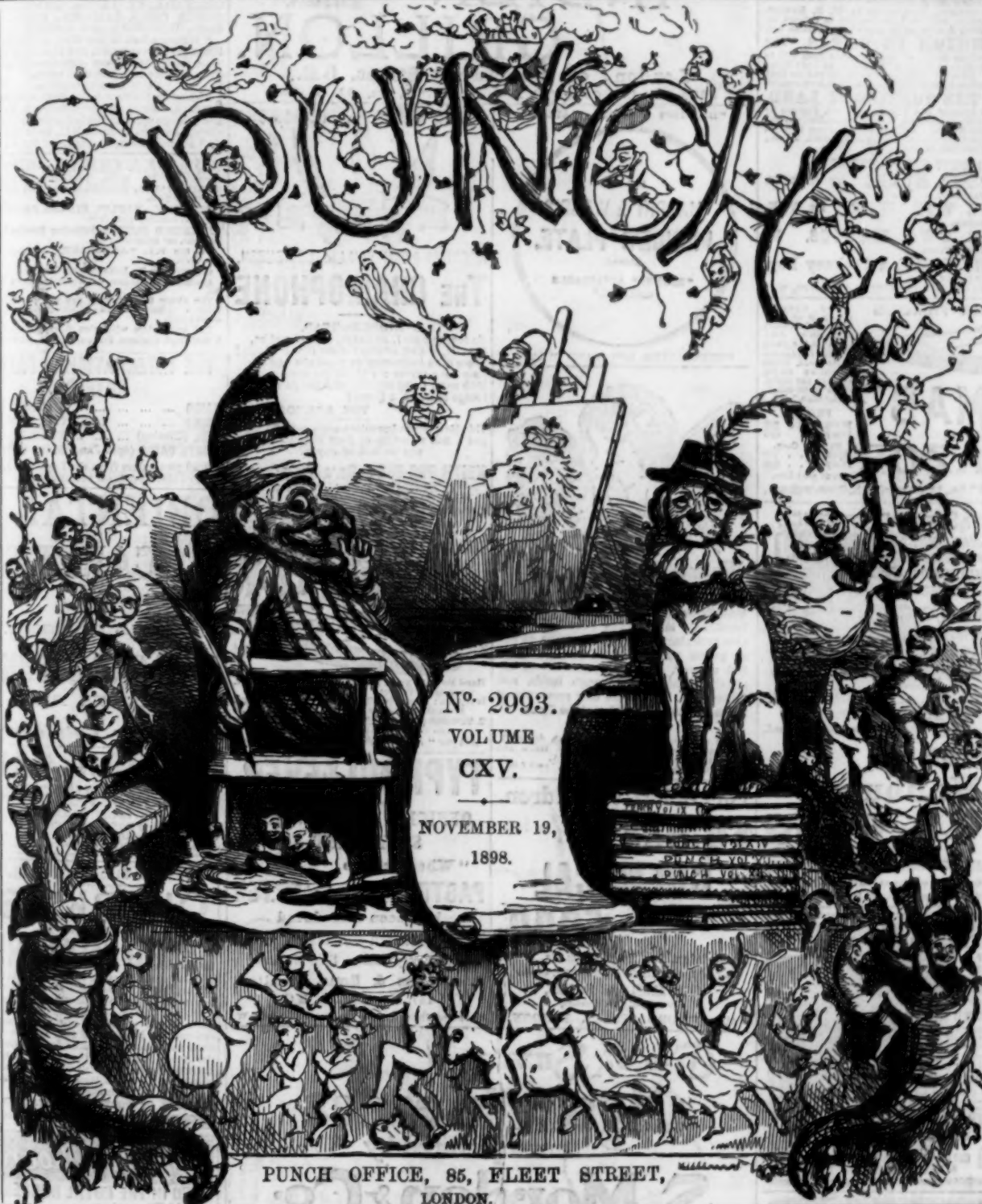
'Punch' Almanack

For 1899.

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£15 15s. CRUISE.—GIBRALTAR, TUNIS, MALTA, MESSINA, NAPLES (19 days), December 28th.

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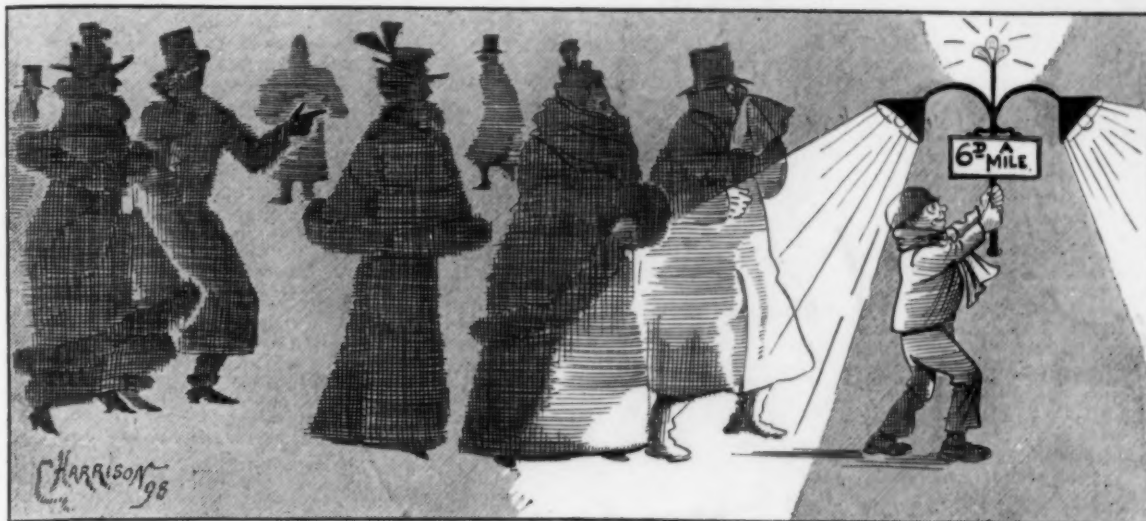
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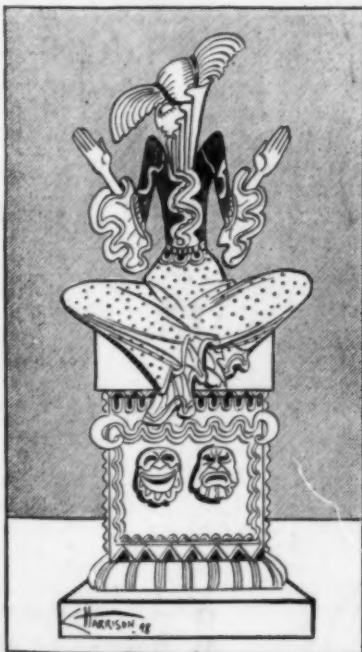


AN ELECTRIC LINK BOY WITH A REGULATION TARIFF WOULD BE A GREAT BOON THIS MONTH, IF WE ARE TO HAVE MUCH FOG.

SARA BERNHARDT'S TRIP TO INDIA.

["Madame BERNHARDT will not go to the East on the ordinary mail-boat, but will have a private steam yacht, commanded by M. PIERRE LOTI, the well-known writer, who was formerly in the French Navy."—*Daily Press*.]

AFTER an infinity of trouble, our tame interviewer succeeded in obtaining an audi-



["SARA BERNHARDT is thinking of taking a journey to India."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

OF COURSE SARA WOULD BE THE IDOL OF THE HOUR.

ence of "the divine SARA," in order to question her on the subject of her projected voyage. Having caught his foot in the tiger-skin door-mat, fallen flat on his face, and whilst in that disadvantageous position having sustained a severe bite *au derriere* from a pet monkey, he arose, took out his note-book, and politely, though firmly, declining to be seated, began:—

"Madame, is it true that you contemplate a visit to India to hunt tigers and Rajahs and other fearful wildfowl?"

From the gorgeous rabbit-skin rug on which she was reclining, the great actress graciously replied, "*Comment! Qu'en pensez-vous, mon ami?*" with the accent on the "*vous*."

"*Madame, je sais quelle heure il est!* Which is a rhyme. But Mr. Punch wishes to know, from your own fair lips, in order that he may inform his legion of readers of the truth," replied our young man, inadvertently treading on the back of a large turtle (*Rougemontis Wideworldibus*). "Is your yacht to be commanded by M. PIERRE LOTI?"

"Yes; you see, I am always surrounded by a literary and theatrical crew, so I shall man the yacht with them. My chief officer will be CLARK RUSSELL; he is always at sea. The stewardess will be MARIE CORELLI; she knows all about yachting. A well-known writer on hunting and horses will attend to the screws and donkey-engine; he will also be invaluable for riding at anchor. Then VICTORIEN SARDOU, PINERO, and GRUNDY will alternately officiate at the wheel."

"And the masts, and sails, and things?" asked our interviewer, biting the end of his pencil.

"BEERBOHM TREE will arrange our top-mast; LEWIS WALLER will be stationed on the O. P. side. They will also attend to the foot-lights. Even the deck-chairs will be 'ALL CAINE; whilst ZOLA—"

"Pardon the calembour, *chère Madame*, but might I not say that the study of the Zolar system—"

Our representative ducked his head just in time, and the jewelled brick-bat—the gift of an Emperor—missed him by a hair's-

breadth, and passed through the plate-glass window, hitting a passing *gendarme* exactly on the point of his nose. The great actress sprang to her feet, and exclaimed, "*Accrochez-le! Coupez votre bâton! Allez!*"

Abashed and sorrowing, the young man replied, "*Je m'en vais*."

He had tried a witty sally, but the Grand SARA will permit the existence of no other witty SALLY. She must be the Only One.

Protection from Housebreakers.

Mrs. Brown-Jones. My dear Mrs. SMITH-THOMPSON, I am surprised to see a card with "Lodgings to Let" in your drawing-room window. What does it mean?

Mrs. Smith-Thompson. Oh! that card's my Anti-burglar Protective. It's ever so much more effective than iron bars or electric bells. No respectable burglar ever invades a lodging-house.



[It was decided in the case of *Walton v. Coppard* that a School is a nuisance.]
Verdict thoroughly endorsed by Jones Major and Brown Minor.



TO THE "FAIREST!"
OR, THE BETTER "JUDGMENT OF PARIS."

KITCHENER AND KITCHENS.

["The Sirdar has received hundreds of invitations to dine since his return to England."] "

'Twas the voice of the SIRDAR,
I heard him complain,
"They won't have any pity;
I must eat again.
I am up all the night,
And I'm longing for bed,
No rest for a lion
Who's always being fed.
In defence of the flag
I would lay down my life,
But I cannot do battle
With plate, fork and knife.
Have mercy, ye Mahdis
Of banqueting mood,
Or I'll perish a KITCHENER
Martyred by food!"

MOURNFUL NUMBERS.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant Contributor.)

DEAR SIR,—They tell me life is but a dream; things, so it seems, are rarely what they seem; JONES, whose substantial form is known so well in Piccadilly, Regent Street, Pall Mall; who, posed amidst a group of nine or ten, lays down the law to listening, lesser men, who, lest the fates should ever make him thinner, consumes vast herds of beeves at lunch and dinner, rates in loud tones, while I sit looking on, the shrinking waiters at the "Mastodon," and thence retiring to his ample bed, shakes the firm pavements with his massive tread—this mass of platitudinous verbosity, this sixteen stone of self-assured pomposity, this JONES, in fact, so stout, so loud, so tall, is merely a phenomenon—that's all.

If JONES is but the shadow of a name, it strikes me other things may be the same. There's the moustache, for instance (ends quite flat, shaped like a well-tied butterfly cravat), which, as the gaping world of Moslems knows, sprouts beneath WILHELM's most Imperial nose, those angry bristles with defiant tips, meet cornice for the wearer's spouting lips, that fine, fierce fringe of coruscating hair, tended with all a mother's watchful care, which (if such growths can be supposed to hear) hears—(blessed moustache!)—each wild Wilhelmian cheer, what time the KAISER, a convivial soul, lifts to some royal host his brimming bowl, and, girthed and buttoned till he's fairly bursting, shouts, "Hoch! hoch!! hoch!!!" while all the rest are thirsting, which being done he dashes off anew, writes a new drama, sees a fresh review, or, while the trumpets sound ta-ran-ta-ra, unveils a statue to his grandpapa. That Schnurrbart, with its fiery ends a-kimbo, must go with much I love beside to limbo, since this conclusion cannot be resisted—it don't exist and never has existed.

Then Egypt—I propose to have the face to doubt if there is really such a place: Egypt whereat the French, they say, look glum, is a land renowned in fable for its mummies, where, from the Pyramids' aspiring crown, some forty centuries keep looking down, where the great Nile arising in its flood blesses the festive fellahen with mud, where the gay crocodile deposits eggs or snips for lunch some Arab swimmer's legs, where FLINDERS PETRIE, with peculiar zest, finds in each royal tomb a palimpsest, and where, while ages roll, the impassive Sphinx sits in the sand and thinks, and thinks, and thinks. This land, designed for British skill and pith, is, I protest, a most egregious myth. Each day



Loafer (looking at a hundred pound dressing-bag). "I WONDER WOT SORT OF A BLOKE IT IS AS WANTS A BAG OF TOOLS LIKE THAT TO DOSS 'IMSELF UP WITH!"

I find myself believing less that we can occupy and not possess, that even British courage can affect to guard a country which it mayn't protect, and that a nation which is not a fool can govern things, and yet let others rule.

Why is this thusness, why are things so mixed, since (see Cartoon) JOHN BULL is firmly fixed? On points like this, dear Punch, I pray you may grant some light and leading to
Your puzzled
VAGRANT.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—On the principle of the early bird which gets up to catch the unsuspecting worm, Father RAPHAEL TUCK and his merrie SONS are first in the field with their Christmas wares. Walk up! Walk up! to see the great variety show in booklets, cards, and calendars. Dainty and humorous are the novelties, whilst, of the calendars, "The On Service" one will possibly be most popular.

THE PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT BANK.

["Early next year the man who has a penny to put by for a rainy day will be able to drop it into a slot machine, and by working a lever obtain a deposit-receipt, upon any number of which he may realise at his convenience."—Daily Mail.]

The penny-in-the-slot machine
Up to the present time has been
A method whereby one might get
A match, cigar, or cigarette;
Or juveniles might satiate
Their appetites with chocolate;
Or little snobs on conquest bent
Deodorise themselves with scent.

But now there is a scheme afloat,
Of which economists take note,
To save up for a rainy day
The penny which was thrown away.
No longer shall we purchase sweets,
But for our coppers get receipts;
And thrifty people hail with thanks
The advent of these penny banks.



"SEATS OF THE MIGHTY."

IT IS REPORTED FROM THE SHIRES, THAT SOME OF THE FIRST FLIGHT ARE THINKING OF ADOPTING THE "TOD SLOAN SEAT" FOR HUNTING.

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EAST.

Cairo, October 24.

HONOURED SHEIKH PUNCH (upon whom be peace, whose effulgence is as the Full Moon!), may thy unworthy messenger send thee this writing left in the Esbekieh Garden here by some dog of a Frank? Perchance he is one of the infidel Giaours who are journeying with one LUNN EFFENDI into Syria after the Sheikh of Alemanniya. Thy servant, Ali Ben Zaïq, kisseth thy hump and right big toe. May thy day be blessed!

I. Arrive at Alexandria from Marseilles, *viâ* Genoa and Naples, with large contingent of Teutons. When they foregather in the smoking-room, the row is *kolossal*, as every one tries to shout down the others. As far as I can discover, their conversation consists of *gar nights* and *gar kein*. However, we fraternize over deck quoits and "beanbags." Our ship's crest is an ancient Greek galley, with six elderly gentlemen rowing for a good deal more than they are worth, and the motto is the famous phrase of PERICLES, "*philokaloumen met' euteleias*," that is, we cultivate the beautiful on the coupon system. We land, after pleasant voyage, at sunset. One second after so doing, hear the cry—*bakhshish*. It has not stopped since. A special train brings us to Cairo, and dinner at midnight.

II. First day's sight-seeing in Cairo. Start with the Mosque of Sultan HASSAN. Have initial difficulty with slippers, which must be put on over boots. As these are about number twenty-five in size, it requires very considerable dexterity to keep them on. Am obliged to trail mine behind. Hope this act of desecration will not come to the ear of the CALIPH. Our guide, IBRAHIM OSMAN, has a stentorian voice and a fund of humour, as when he tells us that MOHAMMED ALI gave Mamelukes "jolly good hiding," but EMIN "hooked it," and recites "*Home, sweet home*" when he has finished with us for the day. On to more mosques and citadel, where we see TOMMY ATKINS trying to keep warm (with temperature over ninety degrees in the shade) by playing football. We gather from Seaforth Highlanders that there has been a slight brush with the KHALIFA at Omdurman. Next to Khedivial cemetery (Egypt great place for tombs), and "howling" Derivishes (grunting and gasping would be more the word), then in-

spect Nilometer on Roda Island, where MOSES met Miss PHARAOH; call at Coptic convent and Mosque of OMAR, where there is a flying pillar; lastly, home through bazaars, faint, yet pursuing the cairosities of Curio, as an Oxford Don would put it.

III. Second day. Menu—Pyramids, Sphinx, and Ghizeh Museum. We file out in a very long procession of landaus over the Kaar-en-Nil Bridge, and along the acacia-covered causeway (which soon will be vulgarised with an electric tram) to the foot of Great Pyramid. Are handed over in turn to two Bedouins apiece, who haul us up to the summit, where, like NAPOLEON's forty centuries, we look down on the Nile in flood, the Sphinx, and other well-established land-marks. Try to rise to the occasion, but come down sitting. Then clamber down and slide on all fours (face uppermost) into interior. At finish, guides inquire, "How you feel?" and "Hope you satisfied," and we make entry to that effect in note-book of MOUSSA FAID, the Sheikh of the Pyramid. Then (on camel-back) to interview Sphinx, who receives us with its usual bland smile, as who should say, "Wait till you have been taken right through the Museum, my dears, and then we'll see who has the laugh last!" The Sphinx has it, I think, not being an Egyptologist. Still, glad to meet RAMESSES II., who, as IBRAHIM says, was the father of seventy-two sons, sixty-nine being boys and three girls. Also, rather like DJOT-PTA-AN-FANK and AAHMES-HENT-TASU, and other celebrities. Introduced to PHARAOH's daughter and MANEPHTA, persecutor of Israelites. Result, fall asleep in carriage going home.

LATELY BROUGHT OUT.—Mr. LATEY's Christmas Annual in his popular *Penny Illustrated Paper*, is uncommonly warlike for so eminently peaceful a season of the year. It is mainly a Khartoum-Kitchener-Soudan-and-Sirdar number; it ends with a poem by CLEMENT SCOTT, illustrated by a clever somebody whose name—*mirabile dictu*!—is not on the drawing, entitled "*Waterloo and Omdurman*." This warlike illustrated annual might well have been dedicated to "Warre's Boys at Eton," among whom no doubt it will be very popular. We trust that the circulation of Editor LATEY's paper may be "*Laté et longé*."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Of all artistic volumes on purely artistic subjects, commend the Baron to that of the *Magazine of Art* for 1898, CASSELL & Co. One of the two colour-plates, called *The Offering*, Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A., a water-colour, might have been with advantage omitted. The other, *St. Cecilia*, from the painting by GEO. HITCHCOCK, is better, but not entirely satisfactory. On the other hand, all the photogravures are excellent; and among them the reproduction of *A Belle of Saville*, by BURGESS, R.A., takes the first place, that is, in the Baron's humble opinion. A "Memorial Sketch" of that dashing cavalier artist, brave Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.E.W.S., is most interesting, and especially so to the Baron, on account of its containing Sir JOHN's frontispiece designed for *Mr. Punch* in 1843. Among several able articles contributed by Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN is one on JULES CHÉRET, "the Poster King," as just as it is generous. In the article on "Masks among Greeks and Barbarians," there is a Grecian terra-cotta Mask of Tragedy, which bears a weird resemblance to a certain full-face portrait of WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, by LAWRENCE, that is, if the Baron's memory serves him well. Altogether, the present volume, for 1898, of the *Magazine of Art* is certainly "one of the very best" of Messrs. CASSELL's many ventures.

The third volume completing *The Annals of a Publishing House* (BLACKWOOD) suffers by comparison with its predecessors from an inevitable cause. With few exceptions, the earlier years of the life of an eminent man or a great firm are the most interesting. It is the period of storm and stress, when character is being formed, and everything has to be won by hard fighting. As soon as a man waxes fat and kicks, my Baronite finds him suffering from the atmosphere of commonplace that environs prosperity. When WILLIAM BLACKWOOD came to the throne at 45, George Street, Edinburgh, the firm of BLACKWOOD was established, and month by month Maga went her pleasant ways. This third volume is the record of uneventful times as compared with the story of the founder of the firm. Nevertheless, we come upon interesting correspondence with contributors to the Magazine, and peeps of the personality of BULWER LYTTON, CHARLES LEVER, DELANE, LAURENCE OLIPHANT, THACKERAY, AYTOUN, TENNYSON, and GEORGE ELIOT. The story of the introduction to the firm of the author of *Scenes of Clerical Life* is graphically set forth in a series of letters from LEWES, who introduces GEORGE ELIOT as a diffident and despondent young man who must not be criticised, lest he sink into his shoes. This deprecation of frank criticism was by no means supererogatory. JOHN BLACKWOOD, like his predecessors in the chair, had his own views about literary work, did not hesitate to set them forth, and even insist upon their adoption. Mrs. PORTER, taking up the pen that fell from the hand of Mrs. OLIPHANT, has admirably completed her work, giving a vivid impression of the sturdy character of her father. In the next edition it will be worth while to correct a passage on page 115, where she makes KINGLAKE refer to "the collapse of GLADSTONE's Ministry in 1867." Mr. GLADSTONE had no Ministry in that year, his first dating from December, 1868.

Quatorzains, by W. E. HENLEY, and *London Types*, by WILLIAM NICHOLSON, published by W. HEINEMANN. "Hum!" quoth the Baron, "why *Quatorzains*? Let's count. There are thirteen pictures. Well, that would be 'Treizaine' or 'Baker's dozen.' There's a French word, which the dictionary informs me is obsolete, '*Quatorzaine*,' signifying 'fortnight.' However, if '*Quatorzains*' delights and satisfies, '*Quatorzains*' be it." In strong contrast, suggested, too, by the titles of the subjects, are the sturdy *Beefeater* and the sad *Sandwichman*. There are many who extravagantly praise the breadth and depth of this quaint Nicholsonian style. Of course, 'tis clever, though smudgy, and it were better if the praise, when extravagant, should be, like the paper on which the work is printed, "toned down."

Phases of My Life, by FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D., Dean of Bristol. (ARNOLD.) The D.D.'s clerical autobiography is amusing and chatty: just the sort of book to take up occasionally, and to read of it "here a bit and there a bit." A most pleasant district visitor is the D.D. Dean when looking in for a *bon quart d'heure*; at the expiration of which time, the visited might politely hint that, possibly the D.D.D. of Bristol could make it convenient to "go to Bath."

THE BARON DE B.-W.



THE PROCESS OF EXHAUSTION.

Gifted Amateur. "Now, MRS. VIVASH, I REALLY WANT YOUR OPINION. DO YOU THINK A GLASS WOULD IMPROVE IT?"
Mrs. Vivash (who has had enough of it). "M'YES, I THINK IT WOULD—GROUND GLASS!"

THE FUTURE DIRECTOR'S VADE MECUM.

(With thanks to the L. C. J. for the suggestion.)

Question. You are prepared to take up the new duties attaching to the management of a company of limited liability?

Answer. With your kind consent.

Q. You are competent to conduct a business?

A. As a member of the Bar, a Justice of the Peace, a Master of Foxhounds, and a Major in the Militia, I am of that opinion.

Q. There is nothing in your past life that should stop you assuming the responsibility?

A. As a small boy I once thought of robbing an orchard, but as I repented and gave my companions into custody, I fancy I have purged the offence.

Q. Have you anything else in your school life to confess?

A. I once shammed illness, but on the doctor ordering me a black draught, confessed the deception.

Q. Have you been on affectionate terms with your relatives?

A. Certainly; and have taken a great interest in the statistics of their birth, marriage, and offspring.

Q. Why have you done this?

A. Because I consider that Somerset House should be patronised by legatees *in posse*.

Q. I think you took a respectable degree at the University?

A. A thoroughly respectable one, and it took me ten years and a half to obtain it.

Q. Are you determined, if elected a director, to give all your time to the business?

A. Most assuredly. I will appear by 9 A.M. and retire towards midnight.

Q. And will let the shareholders know that you are always on the alert?

A. Certainly, by sending out a daily circular giving the diary of my life.

Q. Are you prepared to place your entire time at the disposal of the constituents?

A. Yes, and my best energies.

Q. And what claim do you make for all this?

A. To be considered by the public not only an officer but a gentleman.

SALUTATION TO THE NEW LORD MAYOR.—*Viva! Voce!*



Miss Gushington. "WELL, YOU KNOW, DEAR MR. ROBINSON, FOR MY PART, I MUST SAY I ENJOY EXCELLENT HEALTH AS A RULE, ONLY I DO SUFFER SO AT TIMES FROM FITS OF GIDDINESS!"

"THE GOD IN THE CAR."

(By the Little Tin god in the Press-Seats.)

["He" (Lord SALISBURY) "was bound to say something about these interesting topics last night, and he did so in his usual casual, dilettante manner. Our preparations for war meant nothing at all. . . . They thought that he was about to declare a definite policy . . . but in a moment it was clear that they were wrong. The Great Muddler was minded only to muddle on. . . . All this, we confess, seems to us to be SALISBURY at his feeblest. . . . Such an utterance makes us more than ever distrust the man who has so often let England drift into danger."—The "Daily Chronicle" on the Lord Mayor's Banquet.]

AND so, fulfilled with turtle rich and real, With all that goes to make a civic meal, Heavily sat we on our creaking seats And speculated how the morrow's sheets Should about with headlines:—SALISBURY UNVEILS!

HE TELLS US WHERE THE MYSTIC SQUADRON SAILS!

ABDUL IN WANT OF CASH! HE ISSUES FIRE-
MANS—
EGYPT FOR US, AND JAFFA FOR THE GER-
MANS!

THE ANGLO-TEUTON TREATY. TERMS AGREED.
FREE TRADE UPON THE JORDAN GUARANTEED!
PARIS INDIGNANT! RUSSIA FULL OF PHLEGM!
OUR FLEET'S OBJECTIVE IS JERUSALEM!!

For this, we took it, was the Premier's chance

To make his riddles obvious at a glance;
Pellucidly to dissipate the gloom
Attaching to the recent naval boom;
To warn our many friends who want to hear

Just where our various ships propose to steer;

To sketch a map or two of harbour-mines
And ventilate the Volunteers' designs;
To say (or lend, at least, a helpful clew)
Which special Enemy we have in view;
And if the preparation's not for war,
Then tell us what in thunder it is for;

Since curiosity was strangely stirred
And one might see upon his primal word
Whole nations hanging.

Then the Chief uprose
Like one that issues from a pleasing doze;
Cool was his air, his tone was dilettante,
His information singularly scanty;
The casual lips, sarcastically curled,
(As though he knew full well how wide a world

Gazed on the god discoursing from his car)
Said much, but nothing in particular.

War? Dear me, no! These costly pre-
parations

(Habitual with Continental nations)
Were being made as smartly as could be,
But had no sort of use that he could see.
Designed to shew the French that we could whop 'em

They still went on because you couldn't stop 'em!

Turning to Egypt—he had seen of late
Some mention of the term *Protectorate*.
The story, launched by certain lusty lieges,
That we should shortly spread our royal agia
Over the domicile of ancient PHARAOH
Was *ben*, of course, *trovato*, *ma non vero*.
If we arranged it, say, for that day week
It might provoke a little foreign pique;
But he could state, without inflicting pain,
That we were there and there we should remain!

So the Great Muddler calmly muddled on
Till he sat down; and then his chance was gone.

O maladroit! and at his feeblest here,
Is this indeed our country's guiding Peer?
Are these the hands to which a flippant fate
Confides the hopes of our unhappy State?
Hands only fitted, at a pinch, to drag
Down in the blithering dust her blighted flag!

A prince of gibes, irreverent, ironical,
Despising Truth as taught him in the *Chronicle*!

Yet 'neath his heedless eye, that very hour,
Sat one whose word can make a monarch cower!

Not humorous, but every inch a leader,
Though here disguised as just a common feeder;

Who could have told him, then or any day,
What Foreign Ministers ought not to say.
We were that man: among our noted feats
We reckon how the heart of England beats!
Not that a chronicler would crudely show
In what precise direction things should go;
Not that beforehand even we affect
To name the attitude that's most correct;
But we contend, in totting up the hoary
Blunders of this effete and fatuous Tory—
Whatever is (we've said it all along)
Is, by that simple fact, absurdly wrong.

"RACIAL TROUBLES IN THE UNITED STATES" was the heading of some news in the *Daily Telegraph* of Saturday. Probably some "Racial Troubles" will arise from SLOAN coming over to ride in England.

THE NEAREST APPROACH TO "SALISBURY PLAIN" is to be found in the MARKISS's speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet.

NOTE BY A SOCIAL CYNIC.—They may abolish the "push" stroke at billiards, but they'll never do so in Society.

A WELCOME CHRISTMAS (POST) BOX.—Penny postage to India on and after December 28.



A FIXTURE.



WARNING TO CYCLISTS.

AWFUL DISCOVERY MADE BY JONES ON THE MORNING OF THE OPENING MEET, THAT THROUGH DEVOTION TO CYCLING, HIS CALVES HAD DEVELOPED FAR BEYOND THE CAPACITY OF HIS BOOTS.

FLEET STREET AMENITIES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The *Daily Chronicle* has been casting reflections upon some remarks of my friend the German KAISER, now on tour. I therefore propose to stand outside the offices of that journal and say "*Deutschland über alles!*" quite loud; also to break the hats of the Editorial staff as it comes out. But I should be glad to be assured that all expenses incurred in any subsequent proceedings will reach me if subscribed by my admirers. Will you therefore kindly forward to my solicitors such collected funds as may be sent to you for this excellent purpose? I see that the *Daily Chronicle* has done a similar act of friendliness to "a number of sympathisers with Dr. RUSSELL," a gentleman, you may remember, who observed "*Vive la France!*" at the top of his voice, and simultaneously collided with your front-window. I gather from this precedent that I am not asking you to commit a breach of inter-journalistic comity.

Yours heroically, GERMANICUS.

DARBY JONES LEAVES LIVERPOOL FOR DERBY.

LIVERPOOL, I believe, derives its name from a weird waterfowl (not owned by Captain GREER), and on my communicating the fact to the Count, who is still on the look-out for Continental Exports, he ordered a dish of them for dinner. Alas! the Liverpudlian Bird must be as extinct as the Proverbial Dodo, for he was served with the ordinary produce of the Calf, accompanied by relishes of Pig's flesh. Yet this Bird figures large on the Municipal Shield, and would undoubtedly, in fine and healthy condition, be highly acceptable to a well-known Fictionist, Poet and Sunday Gossip, who recently, by his own account, dined off "a soul with shrimp sauce." He will be devouring a Ghost stuffed with truffles next! Why not a real Liver?

Let me turn to more practical matters. Just as Knowsley, with its reminiscences of the Ancient Monarchs of the Isle of Man and the Progenitors of Mr. HALL CAINE, is the mainstay of the Liverpool gathering, so is Chatsworth, embellished with the Relics and Tomb of Sir JOSEPH PAXTON, the Chief Support of Derby. The City and I pronounce our names after the same Classical Mode, but spell it differently. Filled with Timorous Apprehension, that Dread with which even the most Argus-eyed Vates fears the Fatal Pen, whose scratching never tickles any Backer, I embark into poesy anent the Cup associated with the Midland Railway Metropolis, and warble:—

For the *Sky Saint* I may not declare,
But the *Cutrock* may come to the fore;
Brave *Zealous* has no weight to spare,
And the *Sun god* is forward no more.
Look out for the "Colonel" and "Duke,"
For their choices are sure to go near;
The *Ditchweight* may bring off a "fluke,"
But the *High Sign* and *Fairy* I fear.

You may not be convinced, nor in truth, honoured Sir, am I; but I am perhaps the more inspired by the Right-feeling Spirit of Prophecy, because I have just Fashodad (to use the latest Bourse expression) a considerable portion of one of those mighty Slabs of Corned Ox for which Derby is so justly celebrated. Trusting that the Necessary Reminder for the Prodigious Outlay to which I have been put may meet with your Esteemed Approval of its Moderation, I beg once more to subscribe myself, your ever obedient slave, but not sycophant,

DARBY JONES.

[D. J. has sent us in a wondrous bill, totally disproportionate to his services. Apparently he has lived on nothing but champagne, whiskey and soda, and anchovy on toast ever since we were rash enough to send him North. Our method of dealing with his extravagance is simple.—ED.]

Copy-book Headings for the London School Board.

It is Easy to be Extravagant, but Estimable to be Economical.
A Politic Official avoids Conflict with a Police Magistrate.

Dramatic Dances should be Acquired by Students of the Higher Grade.

A Pension in Hand is worth a Superannuation Fund in the Bush.

A Question of Doubt can be often Usefully Ameliorated by the Opinion of Counsel.

The Thames Embankment is the Finest Site, and the Home of the School Board the Finest Sight that the Universe Possesses.

SHAKESPEARE and the Musical Glasses should be taught to the most Uneducated.

It Looms in the Future to Charge the Patient Rate-Payer Fifteen Shillings in the Pound.

THE MAIDEN'S MOTTO.—"No reasonable offer refused."

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS.



1ST BARON RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, emergent paly from a legal orle of reception, a civic beak newly chained or robed and garnished proper with bullion, slightly debauched with thunderbolts issuant from a chief justifiably rampant in invective robed and wigged proper with sleeves turned up ermine gorged with a choler of justice; 2nd, at a bend of the field on a turf vert under the heraldic rose a sporting veteran wary to the last putting a bit proper on a likely mount turning up trumpy on the post; 3rd, several salted guinea-pigs debrettées richly gilt and voided of scruple charged with marketable coronets bartered in lure; 4th, on a ground of promotion a partisan of renown semee with shamrocks and shillelaghs and wreathed with laurels elevated and erased all proper. *Crest*: Rising from a bar Barry a tower of strength armed at all points and charged with a snuff-box of resort furtively employed for solace. *Supporters*: Dexter, a female figure of justice scaly on the pounce regardant sundry bubbles of finance issuant in fraud. *Sinister*: An Irish disunicorn, brogue proper, chronically rampant in quest of autonomy.

THE SPIES: AN INCIDENT OF '98.

SCENE—The Powder Magazine. TOMMY ATKINS discovered on sentry-go. Enter two Suspicious Characters.

T. A. (reminiscent of the Adelphi). Ha, ha! 'Oo 'ave we year? (S. Cs. pause and look round curiously.) Them coves is up ter mischief. I'll keep a heye on 'em.

First S. C. (to T. A.). Ma guid man, Ah doot we'll hae wannered aff the road a bittie.

T. A. (aside). Furriners, s'elp me! (Shaking his head.) 'Tain't no good yer torkin'. They don't learn us Double-Dutch in the Harmy Schools.

First S. C. Hoot, laddie, div ye no ken yer ain mither tongue?

T. A. (still shaking head). 'Tain't no good, I tells yer. Move on, Mossao. Carn't 'ave yer furriners 'angin' rahnd year, yer know.

Second S. C. Ou, JEAMES, Ah'm wonderin' what he'll be sayin' till ye?

First S. C. Deed, Ah canna richtly tell, DAVIE. Thae Cook-neys talk wi' siccan awccent, an' that ungrammawtical.

T. A. (growing impatient). Nah, then, 'ow much longer are yer a-goin' ter stand a-parleyvooin' year?

First S. C. Weel, as Ah was sayin', Ah doot we'll hae wannered aff the—

T. A. 'Tain't no good, I tells yer. I carn't tork Roosian an' yer carn't tork hanythink.

OF COURSE.

[“MR. PAUL TAYLOR, on being welcomed in a London police-court, said, ‘During his practice at the Bar he was of course brought into contact with many solicitors.’ . . . There will be many at the Temple who will wish that contact with solicitors should be such a matter ‘of course.’”

Westminster Gazette.]

Of course? Ah me! since I was called
My head hath grown first grey, then bald!
Solicitors may come and go,
I watch them flitting to and fro,
I see them here, I see them there,
I see them always everywhere,
I hear their footsteps on the stair,
I listen, hope, and then despair,
For ah! they do not come to me,
They stop below at SILK, Q.C.

Of course? Nay, hardly. Day by day
To Lincoln's Inn I wend my way,
As regularly as a star
To ply my practice at the Bar;
Yet, though I'd fain be pleading daily
In High Court, Criminal, Old Bailey,
Despite my very best endeavour,
Solicitors come near me never,
And I reflect, amid my griefs,
Many are called, but few get briefs.

Of course? I hoped—but hopes will fail,
And now I've learnt another tale,
That one may live and never know
Those bagmen whom we worship so,
Nor even greet with eager eyes
Those angels whom we so despise.
And therefore, though with all respect
I criticise the Law's elect,
I feel myself constrained perforce
To deprecate those words, “of course.”

Unconsciously Appropriate.

Jane. 'Allo, HEMMA, what are yer a-crying about?

Hemma. Missus 'as given me the sack because I knocked over some of them hornaments she calls “break-a-break.”

The Soft Answer.

Vicar. I noticed, Mrs. PIPPIN, that you were asleep during the latter half of my sermon. Did you find it dull?

Mrs. Pippin. Dull! No, Sir. But it was so sweet it lulled me to rest agin my will.

Second S. C. Ou, JEAMES, 'tis an unco feckless buddy, an' mebbe he'll no can tell us.

First S. C. Weel, in that case, DAVIE, we maun jist tell oorsels. [Produces map, which he proceeds to study.

T. A. Well, I'm— S'elp me, if 'e ain't bin an' got a plan!

Second S. C. Ou, JEAMES, Ah doot this'll be the Powder Mawgazeen, is't no, laddie?

T. A. If yer think yer a-goin' ter get hany hinfamation outter me, yer a jolly flat. Carn't 'ave yer drorin' yer plans year. Wot d'yer think? Gimme that there piper!

First S. C. Hoots, man, no sae fast. Ah was jist speirin' at ye—

T. A. (with lively recollection of Dervishes). Spearin' at me, was yer? Two can ply at that gyme. 'Ere—(seizes them)—come along o' me! Yer two Roosian spies, that's wot yer are, an' I ain't a-goin' ter stand hany o' yer nonsense.

[Exit T. A. haling the S. Cs. to the guard-room. It turned out, however, that they were no Russian Spies, but the Provost of Auchterhuskey and his brother the Basilie, who were doing the Lions of London with a map.

A Non-optionist.

Mrs. Tippetapple. I've no patience with that Sir WINIFRED LAWSON. He ought to go and live in the Temperance Zone.

IN DEFENCE OF CONVENTIONALITY.

"STIFF, formal, cramping, insincere
Convention freezes heart and mind,"
You said to me one day. I fear
Convention you have not maligned.
"On every hand she ladles out
Set smiles, set actions, and set phrases."
I know it all, yet I'm about
To try and sing Convention's praises!

Consider! If for half a week,
Whate'er our sex, or age, or youth,
We only tried to act and speak
The simple plain unvarnished truth!
The truth would rob us, I'm afraid,
Of friends, acquaintances, relations—
To designate a spade a spade
Must always lead to complications.

Then do not let us always say
The thing we mean, or think, or see,
Nor let us lightly cast away
Convention's priceless formula.
Because we chance to have a heart,
What need upon our sleeve to wear it?
And why not put with artless art
The thing as people want to hear it?

That social gatherings like a dance
Were shams, you told me (in a waltz),
And every smile and word and glance
Exchanged at parties wholly false.
On principle I acquiesced,
To please you thus I sought right leally—
Although that dance (perhaps you
guessed?)

Seemed somehow an exception, really!

Yet formula, I say again,
Are blessings in whate'er disguise,
And save us hourly from the strain
Of some embarrassing surprise.
If conversation is absurd,
If parties are but sorry labours,
At least we know, in deed and word,
What to expect from all our neighbours.

Originality is "no go,"
Things into chaos would be hurled,
If we disturbed the *status quo*—
Convention saves the social world.
Towards the perfect state she tends,
Fraternité, Liberté, and Egalité—
Oh, tread the beaten track, my friends,
And "conspuez" Originality!

Therefore, in spite of all you've said,
Society I but exhort
To bend the knee and bow the head
With me in Queen Convention's court.
And all the more I hail her Queen,
Since she—for this my verse has graced
her—

Makes friendship possible between
You, the Princess—and me, the
"Waster"!



OUR DOMESTICS.

Applicant (to Mistress of small suburban house). "WELL, MUM, 'AVING COME SO FAR, I THOUGHT AS I'D SEE YOU. BUT I MUST SAY, THAT PEOPLE AS LIVES IN THIS CLASS OF 'OUSE OUGHT NOT TO HADVERTISE IN THE MORNIN' POST!"

PROPOSED EXAMINATION PAPER FOR ADMIRALS.

(Picked up at Guildhall on November 9, 1898.)

1. GIVEN a crisis in an island in hostile occupation by a nominally friendly power. Show by what remarkable qualities you can save the situation.
2. Explain in the best diplomatic language the meaning of "the bag-and-baggage policy."
3. Suppose that you are taking part in the Concert of Europe. Give your reason for performing a solo on the big drum.
4. In what respect does "civil" war differ from the regulation naval article? Give an example in support chosen from an incident of recent date.
5. The task of clearing a land of brawlers takes two years of negotiations between the Great Powers of Europe, and then ends in failure. Show how the scheme can be carried to a successful issue in a couple of hours with the aid of a detachment of marines supported by the moral force of an ironclad.

6. Give briefly the law of nations as understood and practised on the quarterdeck.

7. State qualifications for weathering the storm (a) on land, diplomatically, and (b) at sea, professionally. The latter half of the question is put and will be received as a pure formality.

After-Dinner Chat.

Amateur Art Critic (to Distinguished R.A.). My dear Sir, English Art no longer exists. The "Glasgow School" killed it. Distinguished R.A. No,—only "Scotched" it.

"POCKET DIARIES FOR 1899!" advertises JOHN WALKER & Co., of Farringdon House, and we add, "by all means, 'pocket' as many diaries, especially the black-loop ones and 'No. 4' size, as possible." If asked to pay for them, all you have to say is "Walker." Then see what happens.



NOT LIKELY.

Wife. "VERY WELL, GEORGE, IF YOU WILL GO SHOOTING—MIND, IF YOU GET BLOWN TO BITS, DON'T COME RUNNING TO ME FOR SYMPATHY!"

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

A LITTLE TRIP.

Robinson. So glad you could come to Brighton. We shall find our French friend outside the Pullman. It's no good trying to avoid politics. Besides, things are pleasanter now.

Ludwig. Yes well. This train go very rash, not true? I have thereof heard.

Rob. Yes, in an hour. Ah, there he is!

Auguste. Good day, my dear. We are here again, as say the clowns. What good idea of to go pass the Sunday at Brighton!

Rob. Let's take our seats. I've secured them. You've both been to Brighton?

Lud. One time.

Aug. For sure. I recall me ever the Sunday where I have lost my hat at cause of the tempest. All the magazines were shutted, and I am of return at London the head enveloped of a handkerchief. If I had the air enough droll! Ah but, as to those little misfortunes there, better values to laugh than to anger himself. Is it not?

Rob. Of course. Much better for people to be all pleasant together.

Aug. Ah that, I am entirely of your advice! I hope that we go to forget soon all our griefs, we other French. But these journalists, *sont-ils bêtes*, are they beasts!

Rob. The *Petit Journal* is the worst, isn't it?

Aug. Ah, my dear, as you say in English, he eat the cake. It is the journal the most despicable. But in fine! What wish you? It is the journal of the doorkeepers, of the *concierges*. Ah

bah! But all go to arrange himself when even. *La Cour de Cassation ne s'occupe pas du Petit Journal*, occupy herself not of the little Journal, and of others likes. As that, in fine, justice for DREYFUS, for PICQUART, and for all the world!

Rob. Hear, hear! say I—but in a whisper, not to disturb the other passengers.

Lud. *Natürlich*, and I also. High, high, high!

Aug. *Tiens!* The other day I have seen the Lord of Khartoum.

Rob. Lord KITCHENER.

Aug. Ah, these English titles! I shall comprehend them never. There is your Milord Mayor who is Sir, there is your Judges who are Sirs, and also Milords, as Sir RUSSELL—

Rob. Lord RUSSELL.

Aug. And Lord HAWKINS—

Rob. Sir HENRY HAWKINS.

Aug. And however there is Sirs who are not Milords. By example, Sir HARCOURT—

Rob. We always say the Christian name—*le prénom*. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Aug. Ah yes! Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is not Milord?

Rob. No, he's the Right Honourable.

Aug. Hold! Is it that he is also bishop?

Rob. No, no. You're thinking of Right Reverend.

Aug. And Lord GEORGE CURZON—

Rob. There we don't say the Christian name. Simply Lord CURZON.

Aug. Eh well! Lord CURZON and Lord HAMILTON—

Rob. Ah, there we do say the Christian name. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON.

Aug. *Oh sapristi, c'est impossible!* And with that there is Honourable, as Honourable Mr. BALFOUR—

Rob. The Right Honourable.

Aug. Right Honourable Mr. BALFOUR—

Rob. No, not Mister.

Aug. Eh well! Right Honourable BALFOUR—

Rob. No, no!

Aug. *Ah ça, tiens!* Right Honourable Sir BALFOUR—

Rob. No, no, no!

Aug. *Mon Dieu!* What then? Right Honourable Sir Lord BALFOUR—

Rob. No. The Right Honourable ARTHUR BALFOUR. But in conversation you say Mr. BALFOUR.

Aug. *Pardon!* In conversation I shall say not anything. *C'est trop fort!* Is it that one can to comprehend this mass of titles? Is it that a stranger can to distinguish between Lord HERBERT KITCHENER, and Sir ARTHUR BALFOUR, and Honourable HAMILTON, and Right Reverend WILLIAM HARCOURT? *Ah non!* I shall say BALFOUR, all short.

Lud. I have not the English titles learned. In England are it people who only Mister are. In Germany is every one *Herr Baron, Herr Lieutenant, Herr Professor, Herr Doctor, Herr Hofrath, Herr Geheimrath*, and so farther. It is enough the German titles to learn. What the English concern, know I nothing thereof.

Rob. How do you like these cars?

Aug. Cars? That which you call Irish cars?

Rob. No. Pullman cars. *Wagons-salons*.

Aug. Oh, very luxurious!

Rob. You mustn't look at the decoration. That's American taste.

Lud. *Wunderschön, prachtvoll!*

Aug. And what quickness!

Lud. *Kolossal!*

Rob. If we only went more smoothly!

Aug. One is well shaken, that is true.

Rob. But we shall soon be there.

" 'Twas ever thus—"

Or, *The French Patriot's Lament*.

I NEVER nursed a dear Bahr-el-Ghazal,
To glad me with its banners all the day,
But when I got to love it like a pal
Some idiot gave the thing—and me—away.

Educational.

Inquisitive Child (to Nursemaid). I say, JANE, what's the difference between English meat and Australian?

Jane. Why, o' course, Master REAGIN, English mutton's made o' sheep, and Orsetralian of 'orse.

'AT MUNICH.—*Mr. Joddle-top (to travelling companion at Bier-halle)*. What they call this larger beer for I'm blessed if I know! Why, it's thinner than the Bass I drink at home!

LIQUEURS OF THE CÔTE CHARTREUSE.

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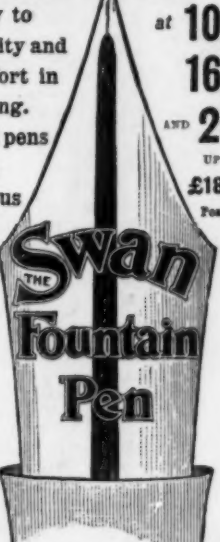
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